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The time we almost lost my little brother on the New York City subway

"Hey guys, we need to pick up the speed so we can make it to the subway before it leaves" My Dad said with a bit of an urgent tone. My family was visiting New York City in 2014 during summer vacation, and we decided it would be fun to ride on the subway for the experience, but also to get to the part of the city we wanted to see. "We're hurrying Steve! None of us are nearly as tall as you are, so we just can't walk as fast" my Mom said with a stressed tone to my Dad who is over six feet tall and has long legs. The temperature was around 95 degrees that day with 80% humidity. My three younger siblings and I felt like we were melting in the sweltering summer heat. "Mom, I need something to drink" said my little brother Garrett who was only eight years old at the time and was getting tired from the long and hot day. "Sweetie, we'll get you something to drink after our subway ride" My Mom said patiently and kindly.

The subway was dim, musty, and extremely overcrowded. We spotted the subway car that was going to the location we needed to be. "Guys, lets run! The subway car is about to leave!" My Dad exclaimed with an urgent tone. We all started to run toward the subway car. My Dad was in the lead, my sisters and I were in the middle, and my Mom and brother Garrett were in the rear. My Dad, Mom, sisters and I got on the subway car. Just before Garrett got on, the doors started quickly closing. "Garrett!" My Mom exclaimed with clear distress. "Mom,

don't leave me!" Garrett yelled with panic in his voice. All of my family members were absolutely panicking because we didn't want to lose Garrett in such a massive city. Garrett, at this time, dealt with major anxiety, where he was worried about being abandoned by my parents even though he had never been left alone anywhere before. My Mom tried to pry the doors open, as well as the rest of us, but unfortunately they were too heavy, and we weren't strong enough to open them. Right before the door was about to close, a man in a very nice suit came out of nowhere and pried open the doors with extreme strength to let Garrett on the subway. "Thank you so much," my Mom told the man with gratitude. He nodded graciously, and began to walk away quickly. "Garrett, we're so glad you're ok and safe" I hugged him tight and told him with major relief in my voice.

Once we turned around, we noticed that nearly everyone on the subway car was staring at us after seeing that whole nerve wracking ordeal. We all felt embarrassed because our family of six stands out in a place like New York City, but what had just happened was very dramatic, and probably funny for some people to watch. My whole family felt a lot of gratitude in that moment, and even six years later, for that random stranger who decided to help Garrett be able to get on the subway to stay with our family. "Thank goodness for that man paying attention to his surroundings" said my Dad to our family with a grateful heart. This moment reminded me that there are still good people in the world, and it helped encourage me to become a better person and think of others like that stranger did for our family.